THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 3523. *Monday, April* 1, 1833. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

AUBER'S Opera of *The Coiners* was repeated here on Saturday night to a tolerably well filled house, and went off with more spirit than on its previous performance. It was followed by *A Nabob for an Hour*, and *Nell Gwynne*; in the latter piece Miss Taylor was all fascination; her 'Buy my Oranges' was rapturously encored.

Drury Lane Theatre.

THE performances at this Theatre, on Saturday evening, were for the Benefit of Mlle. Duvernay, and consisted of *The Maid of Cashmere*, and the Naiade Dance from *The Sleeping Beauty*, *The Chimney Piece*, and *Separation and Reparation*. Early yesterday morning, Duvernay, accompanied by Perrott, started for Paris, her services being required at the Academie Royale, so great, however, has been the attraction of *The Maid of Cashmere*, that it is the intention of Captain Polhill to continue its performance after the holidays, when Mlle. Augusta will be Duvernay's substitute. The receipts on Thursday evening to *Don Juan*, and *The Maid of Cashmere*, exceeded £600. Mayerbeer's Opera of *Robert le Diable* will be performed on Easter Monday, and instead of the customary Easter Spectacle, the Ballet of *The Maid of Cashmere* will be given.

The Queen of the Olympic, on Saturday evening, prorogued her dramatic parliament with the following gracious speech, which she delivered in person:

'My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen—I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing this *house*, I have such well grounded confidence in a continuance of the steady attention you have ever given to its business, that the most pressing necessity alone could induce me to resort to so extreme a measure. I will state to you in a few words what that necessity is—my season is ended, and I can't help myself. Gentlemen of the Pit and Galleries, I thank you for the cheerfulness with which you have furnished the supplies; and I have the highest satisfaction in informing you that they have not only been adequate to our current expences, but that a surplus remains.—This surplus I have directed to be funded, and it will remain applicable to the future exigences of my management. My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen—in looking back upon the season which is about to close, I find many circumstances for our mutual congratulation. If it be a blessing to have preserved domestic peace, what must it be to have preserved so many domestic *pieces* as we have. Our crop has been abundant, almost beyond precedent, and the harvest has been well housed. Order has been maintained, while orders have been excluded. In reverting with pride to the successful results of native ex-

ertions, I am not unmindful of the assistance we have occasionally received from our firm allies—the French authors. I am happy to tell you that I continue to receive assurances of the most friendly description, not only from them, but from all other foreign powers.—The freedom of the press has been guaranteed, and the consequence has been its cordial support upon all critical occasions. During the approaching recess, my most anxious endeavours will be directed to providing for your future comfort and amusements. Should the seats prove rotten, I will reform the whole house. My efforts will be zealously seconded by all the members of my mimic administration. For them and for myself I sincerely thank you for your warm hearted support, and have only to add that this house stands prorogued until Monday, the 30th day of September next, then and here to meet for the dispatch of pleasure.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call at the *Queen's Bazaar*, 73, Oxford Street, which has become a most fashionable lounge, to see Mr D. Robert's Grand Picture of The Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt, painted expressly for the occasion, with Dioramic effect, and from its magnitude, occupying the space of Four Diorama Views, surpasses in grandeur of design, execution and scriptural interest, every former Exhibition of the sort—*The Physiorama* of 14 beautiful new Views joined to the *Diorama*, makes it the most attractive in London for One Shilling.

Tuesday, stroll to the *Diorama*, in the Regent's-park, to see the two new views—Paris, from Montmartre, and the Campo Santo—which surpass in harmony of colouring, fidelity to nature, and general effect, all the previous exhibitions; and at once prove how far human skill can carry this wonderful species of pictorial delusion.

But stop, I must just run to that well established emporium of fashion *The Western Exchange Bazaar*, Old Bond Street, all my country cousins are waiting for my opinion before they make their purchases;—and then we visit, in the gallery above, that astonishing specimen of human industry, *The Model of London*, where every man may find his own dwelling, if he has one.—120,000 Houses!!—140 Churches!!

Must drop in again and again to the Gallery of British Artists, in Suffolk-st. my taste as an amateur, and my pride as an Englishman, being equally gratified by the decided improvement visible in our native artists. The walls are covered with admirable pictures—some perfect *bijoux!*

Oh! I must tell you of a most wonderful Exhibition at No. 238. Regent-st. the *Industrious Fleas*, where a quantity of Fleas are dancing, playing musical instruments, all dressed like ladies and gentlemen; some drawing coaches, elephants, &c.—By the bye I had a lucky escape there, I was nearly shot by a Flea, only there was no ball in the cannon.

Being caught in a storm, and having forgot my umbrella, dropped into Mullins & Co's. Cloth Warehouse, 419, Oxford Street, to buy some Cloth for a Cloak, and was so struck with the superior quality and cheapness of their cloths, that I bought myself enough for a complete suit, and recommend my friends to try the same market.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Last night I had a puzzler;—just as I was putting on my night-cap, „ Paul," said Mrs. Pry, 'what is more brilliant than Peake's wit, or blacker than Miss Love's eyes? I made a hit—*Warren's Jet Blacking!*—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude, beg pardon, your's, &c. PAUL PRY.

Mem.—In ordering my Patent Brandy and Hollands, remember not to forget that BRETT's Genuine Spirit *Depot*, is No. 109, in Drury Lane.—"109" did I say?—Yes, I am right,—"No. 109!" P. P.